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A Thanksgiving Melody

(Joel Benton, in 'Christian Herald.')

WAS it not bliss when rosy Spring
Brought flowers, and birds upon the wing,
With rainbows painted in the sky,
And vocal brooks that babbled by?

Thanks warmed our hearts for Summer's green
On woods and hills — and vales between;
For argosies of clouds that skim
The sky, to the horizon's rim.

Soon golden grains brought us delight,
Flushed orchards dazzled sense and sight—
And, in their Titian-tinted trees
Restored the famed Hesperides!

In all the months, from green to sere,
The panorama of the year,
For past October's matchless glow
Brought joy in reckless overflow.

What if, to-day, our look perceives
Only dull windrows of dead leaves—
The glory of a Summer gone,
And desolated field and lawn?

They, also, are the tokens fair
Of beauty. exquisite and rare,—
Of gathered gifts throughout the year
Certificating Nature's cheer.

When frost shall come and bleak winds blow,
The spotless coverlet of snow
Itself will clothe the earth with grace,
And crown each yard and dwelling place.

So, over granary and bin
Well stored, forgetfulness is sin;
Over the cellar amply filled
Let murmurs and complaints be stilled.

Within unnumbered homes to-day,
Let feasts prevail, let hearts be gay,
And all the nations far and near
Give thanks through each broad hemisphere.

O Father, is it You?

(Frank Ellis, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

I walked along the darkened street
Nor knew I one I loved was by.
I heard the sound of little feet
That every moment grew more nigh;
And as the little one came near,
She thought the form was one she knew.
Into my face I saw her peer
She said 'O Father, is it you?'

It was my child—quick to my side
With childish confidence she came.
The street was dark, the world was wide,
And yet no tremor shook her frame.
She had no doubt, she had no fear,
Since to her father's side she drew.
She knew that one she loved was near;
Could say, 'O Father, is it you?'

Oh, when the way is dark for me,
And when in doubt and gloom I tread,
Not knowing that I walk by Thee,
And darkness gathers round my head;
Oh, when thou drawest to me near,
Dear Lord, Thyself then may I view
And know Thy form, Thy face most dear,
And say, 'O Father, is it you?'

Ye Did it Not.

'Master, I have this day broken no law of the Ten—have hurt no one. Is it enough?'

'Child, there stood one by thy side burdened with heavy tasks of lowly, earthly labor. For a little help, a little easing of the burden, he looked to thee. Thou hadst time and strength.

'Master, I did not see.'

'Thine eyes were turned within. There was an ignorant one crying from out his darkness, "Will none teach me?" I have given thee knowledge.'

'Master, I did not hear.'

'Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sign, thy frown. Why was thy heart not glad?'

'I was reading. I hate to be disturbed, to be called from great thoughts for trifling talk.'

'The children would have had thee some few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong—how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late.'

'Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import.'

'Thou didst not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way.'

'I was in haste to what I had planned. I meant to help him when I should return.'

'Another lifted him. And shall I question further?'—Selected.

The Springs of Thanksgiving.

For what shall we be thankful? For material blessing? Yes; but that cause is not sufficient for the Christian. It puts gratitude on too low a level. We have no permanent promise of prosperity in worldly goods. Suppose we meet adversity. That would silence our hymn of praise unless it were pitched on a higher key than that of thankfulness for things. Other people have lost their property. Are they now exempt from thanksgiving? Those who are most thankful for 'things' are likely to stick to the muck-rake all their lives. Things are not always a blessing. Sometimes their withholding is a mark of God's mercy.

Let us be thankful for the gifts which we may be sure come from God, and which make us every way rich toward God and man.

Let us be thankful for the fact that we are heirs of God and that no contestant can nullify his will.

Let us be thankful if God has given us work in hard places. It is a great thing to ignore physical conditions; it is a greater thing to conquer them.

Let us be thankful without reference to granary or bank account. 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shal be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the God of my salvation.'

Salvation and life are the two great personal blessings which should call forth our truest thanksgiving. Whatever gifts God withholds, he has given us these two. And when these are given, and appreciated, how easy it is to see that the withholding of the rest may be God's wisest and tenderest care for our larger life!

Let us be thankful for usefulness. It is better than riches. What a spur is poverty! How many would work as they do, if they could quit work next Saturday and be sure of a life income? Some would stay on, of course, but the majority of folks would develop some ailment or desire that would keep them away from the work they are doing in the world.

How shall we be thankful? 'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.' 'I will pay my vows.' Obedience is the great thanksgiving. It is better than sacrifice—more acceptable to God than any other gift.

There is one special day appointed for thanksgiving, but the obedient Christian has a festival of praise the year round. His life is a parable of gratitude. And it wins other lives unto loving allegiance to the great teacher and Saviour, and Lord.—'Epworth Herald.'

Against Obstacles.

The great men are the men who have had some limitations or hindrances to overcome, and whose strength and power have grown through this very struggle. Demosthenes and his vocal impediment is the classic illustration. Mr. Gladstone was all the greater man in the wealth of his judgments and sympathies in his later years because he struggled up to them from narrower mind and spirit. And Disraeli's power, though it was not always used for good, was increased and solidified by the battle he had to fight for supremacy. 'Gentlemen,' he said, when he sat down after the failure of his first speech in the House of Commons, amid the jeers of the House, 'I have begun, several times, many things, and I have often succeeded at last; aye, sirs, and, though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Autumnal Tints.

Now there is something more in all this autumnal art exhibition of the Great Master than the marvellous creation in color. A great picture is not simply paint. He says it is fine because the colors are bright and the objects in the painting look like the things they represent. Such a man does not truly see the painting at all. To see that, he must apprehend its spiritual meaning; he must catch the thought of the painter. So it is with the masterpieces which Nature's Artist has painted for us this delicious season. It is not enough for us to say the display is beautiful. If we can say no more than that, we apprehend but little of its real value and splendor. Why, every tree is a serman and every leaf is a parable, and every color is a metaphor. To him whose eyes and heart are open to this teaching office of this beauteous autumn scene God is saying: 'The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.'—The 'Baltimore Methodist.'

Glorying in God.

How pleasant a thing it is to be able to say, 'God, even my God, shall bless me! I need no other.' How high matter of triumph was this to the psalmist! 'Let it be told to the generations following—this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death' (Psa. xlviii., 13, 14). As if he had said, We are willing that this should be known in the present and succeeding ages. Let it be transmitted to posterity. Let there be a perpetual, everlasting monument of this, that we have had the Lord for our God. Thus a certain noble person would have an inscription put upon his tomb, without any further enlargement, to this effect—that he had been a servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney. By this it appears that he would have all ages know whose servant, counsellor, and friend he had been. In like manner should every good and pious soul declare to the present and all future ages that the Lord is his God. —John Howe.

Give up Now!

The late Dr. Andrew Bonar, said D. L. Moody, once told me how, in the Highlands of Scotland, the sheep would often wander off amongst the rocks, and get into places that they couldn't get out of. The grass on these mountains is very sweet, and the sheep like it; and they will jump down ten or twelve feet, and they can't jump back again, and the shepherd hears them bleating in distress. They may be there for days until they have eaten all the grass. The shepherd will wait until they are so faint they cannot stand, and then he will put a rope round them, and he will pull them up out of the jaws of death.

'Why don't they go down there when the sheep first get there?' I asked.

'Ah!' he said, 'they are so very foolish they would dash right over the precipice and be killed if they did!'

And that is the way with men; they won't go back to God till they have no friends, and have lost everything. If you are a wanderer, I tell you that the Good Shepherd will bring you back the moment you have given up trying to save yourself.

Canadians Abroad.

ONLY A THREE WEEKS' MARGIN.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' The first edition will be exhausted long before most of them realize that there is such a publication—and they will be sorry to miss the first issue. Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world. Orders of this sort will need to be sent in promptly, for after the next three weeks it will probably be impossible to get the October issue.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

A Special Christmas Club.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on Page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided four or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Thanksgiving Weather.

(W. D. Nesbit, in the 'Pilgrim.')

Some like the smile of April, and some the
breath of May,
And some the hidden laughter we hear on
an August day;
But whether gray and gusty, or brightly
blue and clear,
The weather at Thanksgiving is the best
of all the year.

The weather at Thanksgiving—
O, that's the time for living,
When once again the children seek the
old home nest!
The good Thanksgiving weather
When we're all at home together—
The weather at Thanksgiving is for me
the best.

It may be shining softly, it may be that the
rain
Whips in an endless drumbeat against the
window-pane.
But in the house the children sit in the fire-
light's glow
And listen to the stories that we tell of
long ago.

The good Thanksgiving weather
When we're all at home together!
When one word brings a chuckle and the
next a tear;
Take one day and another,
But O, for me and mother
Thanksgiving Day's the best one in the
whole long year.

And when the day is over, and they have
all gone home
Beneath the stars that bless us from hea-
ven's spreading dome,
Then we turn back, contented, and softly
shut the door,
And thank the Lord for this Day out of all
his wondrous store.

The weather at Thanksgiving—
O, that's the time for living
When homeward come the children at the
heart's clear call!
When we're all at home together
It's good Thanksgiving weather—
The weather at Thanksgiving is the best
of all!

No Guess-work Here.

A little boy saw his father using a spirit-level to see if the board he was planing was 'true' and straight.

'What's the use of being so careful, papa?' he asked. 'It's pretty good, I guess. It looks so.'

'Guessing won't do in carpenter's work!' said his father, 'sighting' along the edge of the board and shaving it the least little bit in the world. 'You have to be just right. Folks guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living.'

'Guess there aren't any spirit-levels for living by!' laughed the little boy.

'Yes, there are!' said the father earnestly. 'You find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Make 'em true and straight, and no guess-work about 'em!' — 'Temperance Leader.'

A Thankful Time.

(Sophie Swett, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

"There won't be any Thanksgiving for us! I don't see as we have anything to be thankful for, anyhow!'

Lysander's voice was so gruff that Emeretta knew he wanted to cry, so she turned away quickly without a word. A fifteen-year-old boy, so tall that he begins to look like a man, never likes to have anyone see him cry.

And in truth, Emeretta's own heart, was so sore at that moment that it is doubtful whether she could have managed to utter the words of good cheer with which she was usually so ready.

Lysander had chopped wood for old Mrs. Pennypacker every day for a week, after school, and then for two whole vacation days; and he had expected to be paid enough to make a cheerful, abundant Thanksgiving Day. Instead of money, old Mrs. Pennypacker had given him her son Ebenezer's outgrown winter suit in payment for his work.

Lysander had been trying hard to be the man of the family ever since his father died, nearly a year ago. And his disappointment was a bitter one.

'Never mind, Lysander! You need a good warm suit.' That was what Emeretta said when, after a good while, Lysander came in from the woodshed where he had lingered after confiding to her his ill news. Lysander always liked to have it out with himself in solitude. Emeretta was untying the great bundle that contained the suit. Her hope was always very near at hand.

Emeretta's mind was just the opposite of Pandora's box.

'Humph! Ben Pennypacker is as broad as he is long!' said Lysander, with scornful emphasis. Lysander was growing like Jack's beanstalk, as Grandma said. He was uncommonly tall for fifteen, and so thin that it worried his mother.

'They can be taken in,' said Emeretta hopefully, as she held up the jacket and gazed at it critically. 'And they are really not very much worn. Go and try them on, Lysander!'

Someway Emeretta made one believe that things would come right. Lysander took the suit and retired to his room under the eaves.

He came slowly stumping down again in a few minutes, and when Emeretta saw him she began to laugh—that was the worst of Emeretta, she could not stifle a laugh.

Ben Pennypacker was almost as broad as he was long—for he was quite unusually short. The clothes hung upon Lysander as they might hang upon a scarecrow, and his legs and arms extended from them in a perfectly hopeless way. Even grandma turned away her head to hide her laughter. Only Lysander's mother was really able to control herself, remembering how Lysander always hated to be laughed at.

'There's enough cloth in them if it was only in the right place,' said Emeretta with a sudden return to gravity. 'But O dear, they can't be pieced!'

'I'll throw them downstairs in just about two minutes,' said Lysander in a voice that shook, as he turned again toward the stairs. 'And I never want to see them again!'

Before the suit came tumbling down, Emeretta had an idea. They must have a Thanksgiving! She was not going to have her mother feel the pinch of poverty along with the deep sorrow of the first Thanksgiving without father. That was what she had said to Lysander when he had gone off so manfully to work for old Mrs. Pennypacker. If that had been a failure, they must make the best of it.

"Then welcome each rebuff that turns
earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go!'

Emeretta was not sixteen-and-a-half and in the high school not to know something of the lofty thought of the world.

Lysander said poetry was for girls; a fellow had just got to do his level best. When Emeretta said that was poetry—to do one's best—he only stared; Lysander was slow, but he could be depended upon for that kind of poetry.

Emeretta seized the clothes when they came tumbling downstairs—thrown, truth to tell, with a trifle more vigor than was necessary—and folded them hastily into a bundle.

Her new idea caused her heart to bound with hope. Even after she had mounted Lysander's old bicycle which he had just repaired—it could be used only when it had just been repaired—and fastened the bundle on before her, she turned back suddenly to the living room to whisper a word to her mother.

'Mother, we will invite Aunt Mary Olive and the boys, as usual, won't we? It's our turn and—and I'm sure father would want us to.' Her mother turned away her face.

'Invite them to salt pork and potatoes?'

she cried, and her voice was shrill with bitterness as well as with tears. 'It seems as if an empty seat was enough to bear at Thanksgiving time—and—and'— Mrs. Dale hesitated—'your father being Aunt Mary Olive's only brother, I don't know as she would want to come.'

'She would! I know she would, mother; things are easier that people bear together,' said Emeretta eagerly.

'O, do let us have a stout-hearted Thanksgiving if we can't have a great deal—won't we, Lysander?' for Lysander had just appeared, looking somewhat relieved, in his own clothes. 'We can be thankful and happy——'

'Happy!' Her mother turned a pale, strained, reproachful face upon her.

'Happy about a lot of things,' persisted Emeretta, although her voice faltered a little. 'And —and especially because there is always a chance to make things better—just as father would have wanted us to do.' Tears fell suddenly over poor Mrs. Dale's pale cheeks—a soft, relieving rain. There was an unconfessed comfort in Emeretta's courage.

'I—I don't mean to be unthankful,' she stammered, 'but —but Emeretta!' she called, as the girl was slipping out again, 'I'm not going to invite your Aunt Mary Olive and the boys to a salt pork Thanksgiving!'

'We are not going to have a salt pork Thanksgiving!' Emeretta called back almost gaily. There was no doubt that Emeretta was a born optimist. She did see a certain way to have something better than salt pork, but it was a way that wrung her heart. There was something to be tried first! Lysander squared himself and held up his head as he stood by the window and saw her ride off. It would never do for the girl of the family to have all the grit!

Where was she going with those clothes? He was thankful to get rid of them anyhow! He had expected his mother would insist that they could be ripped and tucked in and pieced out. He fairly mopped his forehead at the thought of the peril he had escaped.

Emeretta rode up Pokeberry Hill and offered to exchange the clothes with old Mr. Farr for a turkey and a pear of chickens. She had great hopes, because Justin, old Mr. Farr's son, whom the neighbors called 'lacking,' had not grown at all since he was twelve, but was very stout. The moment Emeretta had seen Lysander with those clothes on she had thought of Justin Farr.

'For the land sakes! be you goin' to sell the clothes off your backs for the sake of feastin' Thanksgivin' Day?' cried old Mr. Farr, holding the clothes up before him and examining them critically. 'Poor folks like Justin and me has to send our turkeys and chickens to markot and get cash for 'em.' (Old Mr. Farr was the richest farmer in that part of the town.) 'But I expect these things would nigh about fit Justin, and I don't care if I give you a mess or two of salt pork and a bushel of rutybagys for 'em.'

'We—we have some salt pork and plenty of turnips,' said Emeretta, swallowing fiercely the sob in her throat that arose at the sudden disappointment. She hurriedly folded the clothes and fastened them on the bicycle again, mounted and rode away. She was not going to let old Mr. Farr see her cry! He had been making her mean little offers of things that would in no wise make a Thanksgiving dinner, while she folded the clothes. As she rode he called out:

'I've got half a bushel of green tomatoes left that I wouldn't mind tradin' for the clothes.'

'Then welcome each rebuff——'

Rebuffs meant something! This one must mean that she must do the thing that wrung her heart! What people had to eat signified very little even on Thanksgiving Day! But her mother's feelings counted. Her mother would not invite Aunt Mary Olive to eat the salt pork, and to have Aunt Mary Olive would comfort her greatly.

'I will ask Lysander to—to kill Montezuma.' Emeretta said this aloud, with the force of a great resolution, although it made her cheeks turn pale. 'I am not a child; it is ridiculous for me to make a pet of a rooster! He would be tough but—but cooked a long time——'

And then, all alone on the country road, Emeretta gave way to tears. Montezuma had been a 'kindling' chicken, and she had brought him up in a basket, filled with cotton, behind the living room stove. When he was returned to their small poultry yard the hens and the other chickens pecked him, so Emeretta kept him by himself and made a pet of him. And she was one of those whose pets wind themselves around their heartstrings.

Montezuma was lord of the poultry yard now; a creature of gorgeous golden-brown, and iridescent green plumage, and his voice was the herald of morn to all the neighborhood. Emeretta could not bear to think how it would seem not to hear Montezuma's voice in the morning.

This had been a bad year for chickens, and most of theirs had died; the few that lived to be pullets had been made into

MONTEZUMA ENJOYS A MEAL.

broth for grandma when she was ill—all except one little rooster, too small to cook, but now alas! soon to be lord of the yard in Montezuma's place.

He is only a rooster. I will sing myself sensible,' said Emeretta. And she dashed away the tears and began to sing the Thanksgiving hymn that she had been rehearsing in the choir—

'Praise, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

'Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day its course to run——'

But the sun made her think of Montezuma's morning reveille and her voice faltered and broke. It was then that she heard a voice calling her over the stone wall—a voice which her singing had drowned.

The stone wall bordered the grounds of Colonel Garrison, the millionnaire merchant, whose family lingered late this year at what was only a summer residence. It was the daughter of the house, a girl of a little more than her own age, who was calling to Emeretta.

'I—we have heard you sing before in church, and one day we heard you reading to your grandmother in the orchard when we were going by,' she said, breathless with eagerness. 'And grandpapa thought we might get you to read to him. We are going to stay all winter—some of us—for the sake of his health, and we were going to send to the city for someone to read to him about two hours a day. You could do it after school or in the evening, and we would pay fifty cents an hour, as we did to the city. O, I hope you will—grandpa has taken such a fancy to your voice.'

Emeretta, beaming with delight, went into the house and let grandpa hear her read again. And the bargain was made at once.

She really went home on the old bicycle with the bundle of clothes in front of her, but she felt as if she went upon wings. Lysander was whistling, sitting astride the chopping block—which was a pretty good sign. Emeretta poured out her news.

'Of course, they won't pay me for at least a week,' she said, 'and that will be the day after Thanksgiving. But it will be such a lot of money—O, Lysander, aren't you ashamed of calling me the Bilberry elocutor, as if it were nothing to read well?—that I am going to ask Mr. Treat to trust me for a turkey—a big one!'

'No, you are not,' said Lysander, still whittling calmly. 'It's not the girl of this family who buys the Thanksgiving turkey—it's the man. I've been down to Treat's. He is getting in Thanksgiving goods and needs a porter. I'm strong, if I am as tall as Jack's beanstalk. I'm going to tend for him evenings, too, until Thanksgiving Day. I've always helped young Treat with his algebra you know, so I got the chance before anybody else. Mr. Treat is going to give me as big a turkey as he has in the store! The biggest came from Pokeberry Hill, you know!' Lysander looked at Emeretta as if he thought it was his turn to laugh. It had dawned upon him slowly that Justin Farr was the only person whom those clothes would fit. 'Did old Mr. Farr offer you a quarter? I'll tell you what! I'm going to wear those clothes at the store and to chop wood in; they'll be fine for that!' Effort and success had quite restored Lysander's spirits.

Emeretta did not mean that Lysander should be a porter or chop wood for long. She was having 'long thoughts' about being able to let Colonel Garrison know what a head for figures—what a business bump—Lysander had.

'I'm sure I ought to be thankful for my children,' said Mrs. Dale, smiling upon them through a mist when she heard the stories. 'And perhaps your father would have liked to have us keep Thanksgiving Day with Aunt Mary Olive and the boys as usual. I suppose I was silly about the salt pork——'

'O, no, it couldn't have been salt pork, anyhow!' said Emeretta firmly. 'If there had been no other way——'

At that very moment Montezuma was heard to crow hilariously, as if it were just daylight instead of late afternoon. And Emeretta heaved a long, happy sigh as she went out to give him an extra measure of corn.

For Mother.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the chief's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear.

The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were his only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear, as he looked at it, and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as

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delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty blouse.

'Why don't you eat it, Tony?' demanded a watchful acquaintance.

'Eat it? AH meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?'

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson: he held another dearer than self, and knew the joy of sacrifice.—'Baptist Young People.'

New Illustrated Monthly.

The first number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' to hand to-day, shows a decided advance over anything of the kind yet attempted in Canada. It is on the lines of the Great English and American illustrated periodicals, and yet has enough originality about it to stamp it as distinctively Canadian. Nothing finer, in the line of half-tone engraving, than its pictures, has yet been produced for three times its price. The illustrations are timely as well as interesting. The full page views include a group of the viceregal party taken the other day in British Columbia, on the trip from which the Governor-General has not yet returned; the Methodist General Conference just closed; a view of Hongkong, the scene of the recent typhoon; immigrants arriving at Quebec, and a dainty little maid with a pair of prize cattle. Many of these will adorn the walls of Canadian homes. [illegible] pictures—more than a thousand square inches of space are covered by the pictures—include Lord Strathcona's English country seat, Mr. Bryan's reception in New York, the Canadian Militia camps, French-Canadian home life, the boundless western prairies, the trout streams of northern Ontario, the marvellous caves recently discovered in the Selkirk National Park, the Indian reserve at Caughnawaga, and the German gunboat that recently visited Montreal. Not the least interesting is the department, 'Woman and her Interests,' that covers several pages, and is illustrated in the same high-class style. The size of the page is convenient for preserving, and each number, if the promise of the first be lived up to, will certainly be worth saving for binding as the volumes are completed. The subscription is one dollar a year, and the publishers are The Pictorial Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

Do It Now.

I had thought to send a flower to a sick friend, but decided: 'To-morrow will do as well.' Next day the flower was laid on a still, cold form.

Because of busy, happy work I neglected for a month writing to a dear friend far away. The tardy missive brought answer: Dear One: Your letter is a comfort to me. I have waited for it through a month of heavy trial. I know you would have written sooner if you could, or had you known the comfort your words would be.

Two friends misunderstood each other. 'Soon,' I thought, 'I shall speak the little word that will clear the skies.' The events of a day separated us all forever, and the little was not made right.

An earnest youth was in need of a helping hand. I longed to extend the help, but self-interest answered: 'You cannot; God will take the will for the deed.'

Then the spirit within took me to my knees, and I prayed: 'Oh, God, shall the poor "will," and nothing more, be offered thee? Then thou hast naught. Oh, make it thine, that loving deed may prove the will to serve!'

And in that hour the youth's need was supplied, nor was self the poorer. Oh, the blessed now, which is all of time I have! God help me to use it for him! And if there is a word to be spoken, a flower to be sent, an alabaster box to be broken, God help me to do it now.—Selected.

The Best Thanksgiving.

(Frances J. Delano, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

Draxie hated to cry, if she felt badly she usually gave vent to her feelings in a few vigorous kicks. She was kicking the steps now desperately. It was Thanksgiving morning and it might as well be any day for all the 'Thanksgivingy' feeling there was about it. Aunt Daraxia had 'cooked up' the day before, when Draxie was at school, and she had swept and dusted every inch of the house—if there was anything in this world that Draxie detested it was a spick and span Thanksgiving, and that was just the kind Aunt Daraxia was going to have.

This was Draxie's first Thanksgiving away from home, and the memory of past Thanksgivings, with a back yard where the wind blew the leaves every which way, a pile of pumpkins, big and splendid, against the wood shed, a house full of spicy odors—no wonder these memories made Draxie homesick!

'Hello!' It was Esther coming down the street.

'Hello,' responded Draxie crossly.

'What you doin'?'

'Nothing.' Draxie's voice was as near to a growl as it ever got.

'What's the matter? Aunt Draxie been mean?'

'No, but she's spicked up so you can't put a thing down anywhere, and she's got all cooked up so I can't help, and she's going to put on the very best table cloth, er course I'll get something on it, I always do. I just wish it wasn't Thanksgiving at all, that's what I wish.'

'What's Aunt Draxie cooked up?' Esther's mind was in full sympathy with her little half-starved stomach.

'O, three kinds er pie and cranberry sauce; she got the turkey all ready yesterday; all she's got to do is to put it in the oven.'

'O, my! ain't you going to have a good dinner!'

There was something in Esther's voice that roused Draxie and she turned about and looked at her. 'What you going to have?' she asked.

'Same's yesterday, I guess.'

'You are?' Draxie opened her eyes wide.

Esther nodded. 'There's a strike on,' she confessed, 'and Father's out and Mother's off sewing.'

'You're not going to eat dinner all alone?'

'No-o-o-o—Mother's coming home, so's Father, but there isn't going to be any dinner.'

'Why, Esther Simonds!' Here Draxie jumped up. 'I'm going right and ask Aunt Draxie if you can't stay to our dinner.' At the door she turned back. 'We won't get any thing on the tablecloth, do you s'pose? Do you ever—on yours?'

Esther shook her head. 'We—we don't have a tablecloth,' she said.

'What!' Draxie slammed the door to and took a step back, 'Don't have any tablecloth?'

'No-o-o-o.'

'Why Esther Simonds! Eat off the bare table?'

Esther nodded, the color rushing to her face.

'I shouldn't think it would seem as if you ever had anything to eat.'

'It don't—much,' declared poor Esther.

'But—but—to-day's Thanksgiving. O, my! if Aunt Draxie won't let you stay to our dinner, it won't be Thanksgiving at all, will it, and it won't for your father and mother any way.'

Esther shook her head.

Draxie opened the door now with her usual energy and dispatch. 'I'm just going to ask Aunt Draxie if she won't give one of our kinds er pies to your mother and father—you wait.'

When Draxie bounced into the kitchen, Aunt Draxie was putting the turkey into the oven.

'Well, what now?' she exclaimed, scenting trouble at once.

'O, Aunt Draxie, can't Esther please stay to our dinner? She isn't going to have any Thanksgiving at all—and won't you please give one of our kinds er pies to Esther's father and mother so they can have a Thanksgiving?'

The eager confidence in Draxie's voice exasperated Aunt Daraxia, she slammed the oven door and straightened herself. 'Draxie Dexter, I wish you'd come into this house just once and ask for something (I don't expect you to come in without asking for something, that would be out of all reason—for you) but I wish you'd think up something just once that I could say yes to; I'm sick and tired of forever saying no.'

'O, Aunt Draxie,' in her eagerness Draxie wrung her hands, please say yes to this one, please do.'

Evidently Aunt Daraxia had reached the limit of her patience. 'O dear me!' she exclaimed, 'I wonder if your father will ever come and take you home, seems to me I'm at my wits' end, and me getting a Thanksgiving dinner and company expected. Look, here,' Aunt Daraxia turned short round, 'that little Jew girl can't come, I'm expecting company. Now I want you to sit right down in that chair there and think up everything you're going to want to-day and out with it once for all. If there's one single thing in reason, I'll be glad and thankful to say yes.'

Draxie plumped down into the chair designated and fixed astonished eyes upon Aunt Daraxia. Was it possible that she was going to be allowed to ask for all the things she wanted? The novelty of the situation turned disappointment into joy. Without a moment's hesitation she began.

'Please, Aunt Draxie, will you give me a

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pie for Esther's father and mother—you didn't say no to that—and we've got three kinds, a mince pie would be good 'cause it seems Thanksgivingy, and couldn' t you lend one of your old tablecloths to Esther? They haven't any, and it wouldn't seem like Thanksgiving to eat off a bare table. And if you'd give me a pumpkin—and show me how to make a pie—could you show me?'

'Go on,' said Aunt Draxie grimly, 'let's hear the whole business. What next?'

'Well, I'll ask Esther if there's things to make a pie with'—

'No, you won't, you'll sit right there and out with all you're going to—what next?'

Draxie hesitated a moment. 'If you'll give me a pumpkin, I guess we can fix it for dinner some way—and there'll be the mince pie, and the pumpkin, and potato, of course they'll have potato, and I don't know 'bout meat— If you're got any meat, will you please give me enough just for their dinner? And—and'— The necessity of drawing such an important moment to a close made Draxie sigh heavily: 'Well, I guess that's all—'cept— maybe you'd give us a pumpkin pie 'stead of showing us how?'

Draxie was in the habit of having ninety-nine out of a hundred of her requests refused, so, when Aunt Daraxia packed her off with a pince pie, a tablecloth, some cold meat, and a dish of cranberry sauce, she was happy.

'Mind you come home at twelve o'clock,' said Aunt Daraxia, as Draxie hurried downstairs. 'We're going to have company, and you'll probably be an inch thick.'

Twelve o'clock was the last thing to trouble Draxie just now; it was hours away, and meantime important things were to be done. Esther's kitchen had got to be tended to (Draxie did not like a spick and span Thanksgiving, but she could not, on account of being a relative of Aunt Daraxia's, set a table, particularly a Thanksgiving table, in a room that had not been first swept and dusted). Then a fire must be made and the dinner prepared.

Fortunately for the success of the whole scheme, Esther was used to keeping a fire and seeing to the dinner, so what Draxie couldn't do Esther could, and in the course of time everything was ready—the room clean, the potatoes mashed, the tea kettle singing, and Draxie and Esther on the watch.

'There comes Father, there comes Father!' cried Esther from the window.

'And there's your mother,' declared Draxie, 'just coming round the corner.'

'If she knew, wouldn't she hurry though!' exclaimed Esther. 'I'm going to ask Father to wait and come in with Mother, so they can see it together.'

To Draxie it was the supreme moment of the day when at last the door opened and Esther's father and mother walked into the room. Discouragement was an unknown word to Draxie, so she could not be expected to understand exactly how great the change was that came over those two tired faces; but when the ''sprise' she was looking for appeared, she gave up all responsibility and hopped straight up and down. The next minute everybody was as excited as Draxie herself. They all talked at once and the room fairly buzzed with eager questions and delighted answers. Esther's mother cried just a second—it was all so different, from what she had expected, she said, and she was 'that tired'; but it was only for a moment, and then they all gathered about the table—all but Draxie.

The whistles were blowing for one o'clock, and Aunt Daraxia and her company were sitting in state at their Thanksgiving dinner, when Draxie, not a clean spot on her, bounced into the room.

'O, Aunt Draxie, you'd oughter seen 'em—I've had the best Thanksgiving!' This was her salutation; then, seeing the company, she stopped short.

Now the company (a nice old gentleman and his wife), having heard about Draxie's Thanksgiving scheme, had been looking eagerly for her coming. Before Aunt Daraxia could say a word, the old gentleman rose from the table and grasped Draxie's hand.

'So you've had the best Thanksgiving, have you, Miss Draxie?' he said, after the first few words of greeting, 'was it better than your Aunt Daraxia's feast here, do you think?'

Draxie's quick eye took in at a glance the well-spread table, the half-lenient expression of Aunt Daraxia's face, and the twinkling eyes of the old gentleman.

'Come and tell us what you had,' urged the old gentleman.

'I had—I had—we had a 'sprise,' blurted Draxie.

'Ice cream?'

Draxie shook her head. ''Twas'nt eating, the dinner was for Esther and her father and mother.'

The old gentleman look puzzled, then his brow cleared. 'O,' I see,' he said, 'Esther and her father and mother had the dinner and you had the Thanksgiving, was that it?'

Draxie did not answer, the turkey had suddenly claimed her whole attention. The old gentleman followed her gaze, then he glanced at Aunt Daraxia. 'An empty stomach and a full heart, eh, Miss Daraxia? Shall we give her the nicest piece of turkey on the platter?'

Aunt Daraxia said, 'Yes.'

A Home Guard Hero.

Sergeant Allen Durfee, of the high school cadets, sat on the edge of his iron cot and clinked his heels together nervously. It had certainly been the hardest day of his fifteen-year existence.

The night before had come a telegram announcing:

'Private James Durfee severely wounded —thigh.'

The message had been sent by one of his father's old comrades, now connected with the War Department at Washington, and the morning papers had brought no further information. So Allen and his mother knew that for many long weeks, perhaps until Jimmy could write, they must wait for particulars.

All day long he had been haunted by his mother's white face as she opened the fateful message, and by the thought of dear old Jimmy, who taught him to play marbles, baseball and football; who had fought for him when he was imposed upon, and whipped him when he deserved it—lying weak and stiff.

And cropping up with the heartache was a persistent pang of jealousy. Jimmy was only 18 when he enlisted, and Allen had begged so hard to go, too. Weren't they both the sons of a brave soldier, he argued. Did three miserable years prevent his marching just as far and shooting just as straight as Jimmy?

'Allen, dear'—it was his mother's voice from the foot of the stairs—'hurry down and go to the store. Mr. Thomas has forgotten to send the butter.'

Allen sprang to his feet, dashed cold water in his face, and rubber it vigorously with a towel. But in spite of this treatment, his mother's keen eye caught the traces of tears. She placed her hand tenderly on his shoulder, saying:

'You must not worry about your brother. Remember, he has a fine constitution, and will have the best of hospital care. Doubtless he'll be sent home on a furlough.'

'It isn't that, mother, altogether. I'd trust Jimmy for pulling through almost anything, but if only I could be with him. It isn't fair that I must stay home when he's there. I'm strong and tough, and the best quarter-back the team's ever had, and I could fight for my country just as hard as Jimmy.'

The mother's arm stole around the boy, and she drew him close as a sudden fear shot through her heart.

'And leave his poor mother all alone? What should I do without my home guard? You don't know what a comfort you have been to me in your brother's absence.'

Allen threw back his shoulders, snatched his gray campaign hat off the rack, and with a military salute to his smiling mother, hurried away. Come to think of it, his mother had betrayed her dependence upon him more than once. He had really stepped into Jimmy's shoes. The frown had disappeared, and he was almost smiling when he reached the store. But Mr. Thomas, all unwittingly, reopened the wound, as he did up the package.

'That's just what we expected of your brother. Blood will tell, and he comes from fighting stock.'

'Ain't I from the same stock?' thought Allen, rebelliously, as he left the store. His cheeks flushed and the lump rose again in his throat. He made for the C., R. & N. cut-off to avoid meeting any more people with their condolences and congratulations. He fell to brooding over the situation. Every one said the war would soon be over, and perhaps there would not be another war in his day. He could never show what sort of fighting stuff he was made of.

By this time he was quite desperate. Clearly there was but one thing for him to do—run away. He'd find some way of joining Jimmy's regiment. He had just reached that point in his day dreams when he should carry a wounded comrade from the field, under heavy fire from the enemy, then—

It was only a child's voice, but it was vibrant with terror, and it came back behind the track. He whirled round and saw a small form wriggling and jerking to free itself from something—perhaps the rail. And just beyond he saw the fast freight of the C., R. & N. backing down to the Union Depot.

There was not a second to lose when Allen started on his race with the express. His training in the athletic field stood him in good stead, but the train gained on him steadily as he sprinted down the track. Suddenly the despairing, agonized cry of the mother fell on his ear. He had discarded hat and package, and now he was making such time as he had never scored on the track. The blood was surging in his ears. Before him rose the awful picture of the little figure—crushed under the pitiless wheels. One great leap, a clutch at the little foot, caught in the frog, and with the frightful, roaring monster of steel and iron rumbling over their heads, he and the sobbing child rolled down the embankment.

When Allen and the child sat facing each other at the foot of the bank the train had sped on its course. A couple of excited women appeared on the scene, crying over the dust-covered baby. A group of excited men berated the carelessness of a corporation that backed its train at such a rate of speed through the heart of the city, and with no employees on the rear coach. And in the general excitement no one noticed that the lad in a dusty gray uniform had disappeared.

Allen ran back to where he had dropped his package, and, picking it up in the most matter-of-fact fashion, hurried home. The boarders, many of whom had lived with Mrs. Durfee ever since her husband's death, were dropping in for supper, and Allen never thought to interrupt her with the story of his adventure. He ate a hearty supper, ran out for a game of ball, and finally went to bed, still without recounting his race with the locomotive. It had quite slipped his mind.

And perhaps no one would ever have heard of it if the day had not been so dull in the office of the 'Daily Times.' But

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when one of the reporters heard that a child had been saved on the C., R. & N. cut-off he decided that it was worth looking up. As a result the 'Times' came out with a thrilling account of two brave sons, the one who faced death at the front, and the one who risked his life on the railroad track for a baby boy.

At breakfast time the next morning the boarders were all excitement over the news. Allen, very red in the face and generally uncomfortable, had to shake hands all round. He protested vigorously that it was nothing to make such a fuss about. Any fellow would have done the same thing if he'd seen the little chap lying helpless on the track.

He dodged through the alleys on his way to school, only to be met on the campus by enthusiastic cadets, who carried him on their shoulders to the building. In the great assembly room the principal laid his hand kindly on Sergeant Durfee's shoulder and said:

'Greater love hath no man than this—that he offer his life for his friend. I am glad that all our heroes are not at the front.'

But while the boys cheered, Allen was thinking of his mother. He remembered the day that Jimmy had marched away, and his mother had fastened a tiny silk flag on his uniform. There had been such a proud, happy look in her eyes when she kissed Jimmy good-by. And Allen had caught the same look in her eyes this morning as she watched him start to school. Yes, she had been just as proud of her home-guard boy as the one who had marched away. He would not have to run away, after all, to show that he came of good fighting stock.—Indianapolis 'News.'

Ragamuffin Ben.

I saw him for the first time on a foggy September morning in the streets of Boston.

Having nothing special to do, I took a child-like way of passing the time away—riding in the street cars. I have great fondness for studying human faces, and I knew of no better way to do so than in a car upon a crowded street where people are constantly coming and going, led by such varied purposes.

'Here's your "Herald," "Journal," "Globe,"' and I turned my eyes to see a boy of ten or twelve years with a bundle of papers under his arm.

'Paper, sir?' he asked, meeting my gaze.

How shall I describe him to you?—brave, unselfish Ben Travis. You cannot see him with my eyes.

It is likely that you would have seen only a ragged boy, with a torn straw hat, only one of the newsboys in a large city.

But his eyes!

They surely would have fascinated you with the change of emotions which flashed and faded in their brown depths. They were soulful eyes, with an earnest, resolute purpose shining in them.

I hesitated, put the change in the brown hand and took my paper. Then I watched the little fellow as he went the length of the car, doing his business in a manly way.

I noticed that he limped badly, and from the tattered pants leg which was too long I soon espied the stump of a wood leg. What was his history?

I grew strangely interested, and when he left the car I followed.

'Hello, Ned?'

'That you, Ben?'

A neatly-clad boy, carrying a satchel of books, hurried along as Ben spoke to him, flushing a little as he answered him. Ben's face flushed, too, and a sad look crept over it; but he did not forget his business, as he limped along and shouted his newsboy cry.

I followed him for more than an hour, until he reached the Commons, and his stock in trade was nearly sold.

Then he sat down upon a bench, and I took the seat beside him.

'Paper, sir?' he asked briskly.

'No. I want to talk to you; can you spare me a little time?' I answered.

He looked me in the face with keen, questioning eyes for a moment before he replied. Then, as if he read my interest in him aright, he said:

'They ain't all sold yet, but I can rest a few minutes, I guess. A fellow gets tired quick with only one leg.'

He sighed, and looking down, drew the ugly stump of a leg further under the bench.

'How did you lose it?' I asked.

''Naccident. 'Twas when they first put the 'lectrics on, and they said I was careless. 'Twas off at the knee; and the company gave me this stick leg, so I manage to get around. Ned says I can run as well as anyone,' he sighed.

'Who is Ned—the schoolboy who met you at —— street?' I asked.

'Did you see him? Ain't he smart-looking?' and the brown eyes brightened. 'He goes to school, and some day he'll be a gentleman.'

'Who is he?' There was no need to ask, but I wanted Ben's own opinion.

'He? Why, he's my brother!' cried Ben, in proud astonishment.

'Tell me about it,' was my next venture, for I was strangely interested in the little street waif.

'Why, sir, there isn't much to tell. I can just remember when we had a good home—that was when father was alive. Then mother sewed on sale work until it killed her, sir! Ned and I used to pull the basstings and carry the work, but we went to school. 'T's two whole years since she died, and the last words she said were, "Ben, my boy, stick to your school if you can." But I couldn't do it; leastwise Ned and I couldn't both go, for we had to eat, and somebody must earn.

"Then the accident took my leg, and as I lay on the cot in the hospital I studied it all out. I knew I never could be a gentleman with a wooden leg, but Ned could for he was straight and tall. Don't you think he's handsome, sir?'

'Then you earn for him to spend. You wear these,' touching the ragged jacket sleeve, without answering the question, 'while he is neatly clad?'

'He must be neat to go to school, sir, for the boys would tease him if he wasn't. But he's very careful of his things. He puts on others just as soon as he gets home, and scrubs our room and cooks—oh, sir, Ned's a beautiful cook, and it's a good deal to have a nice supper when you're tired,' smiled Ben.

'You buy the supper, don't you?'

'Oh, yes; but Ned cooks it, so we are partners. Ned is going to be a gentleman, Ned is.'

'And what are you going to do? What will you be?'

Ben started quickly, and looked into my face with dreamy, questioning eyes.

'I—don't—know,' he answered slowly. 'After Ned gets through I expect he'll help me some way; but I'll always have to work. I shall never be a gentleman like him.'

I looked into Ben's brave, patient face. The soul of a gentleman looked from his honest eyes, but I fancied I could read a stifled regret, there, too—regret for what 'might have been.'

'Is Ned willing for you to give up all—everything for him?' I asked bitterly.

'Now, don't you go to blame Ned,' he answered, quickly. 'Some folks do, but they don't know. I just made him do it, and I never mean to speak to him when he's in school trim, or before the boys—they plague him so, you know, and Ned gets teased awful easy, anyhow.'

'So you are spoiling him by teaching him false pride?' I said.

'Oh, no, sir. Ned'll come out all right, but he ain't used to so hard knocks as I am. But here I am talking to you so free, and you a stranger. You must excuse me, sir. I don't do it often, but somehow I—I—' Ben hesitated.

'Can you meet me here to-morrow at this time?' I asked.

'I'll try, and I won't keep you waiting long, sir. But I must sell these papers and go for the evening editions. It's most time to pay some quarterly bills, sir.'

Away went the little man with the weight of a household on his small shoulders. I watched until he was lost in the crowd upon Tremont street, and listened until I could no longer hear his shrill cry.

Then I went toward home thinking of my own idle, useless life, and of Ben's manly struggle.

I had asked him to meet me again with no definite purpose in my mind, but as I walked along that purpose shaped itself in my brain—or was it shaped for me?

I had money and influence. First, I visited a motherly widow who had a lodging house, and who I felt could be depended upon to care for my boys, as I began to call them in my mind.

Before I finished Ben's story, as he told it to me, she exclaimed:

'Bless their hearts. No home—well, bring them here. They can help me enough to pay their board, I'm sure, and—'

'Softly, Mrs. Green,' I interrupted, quickly. 'We will be partners in this business. I will pay their board, and you shall give them loving care. I will also pay for their clothing, and you shall see that they are neat and comfortable.'

'Perhaps that will be best, Mr. Charles,' she admitted. 'I haven't the means that you have, but I'll take care of them.'

Next I went home to perfect my plan, which was simple enough after all, for it was only to lift the burden from Ben's shoulders, and give him an equal chance with Ned to be a gentleman!

You should have seen his face when I told him the next day.

'Don't fool me, sir!' he gasped, reading my face with eager eyes, while his own was as white as death.

'Nothing is further from my thoughts,' I exclaimed. 'Lay your papers down—they'll do some one some good. Now come with me and see about a new suit of clothes, just like Ned's. We'll have something better by and by.'

Ben laid the papers down with a lingering touch, and looked up with a queer smile.

'That isn't business, sir, for there's more than a dozen there, but I s'pose you know best,' he said as he followed me into a clothing store.

When he came out he looked like another boy with his neat gray suit and school cap.

'Bring Ned to this address to-night, and I suppose you may as well be moving,' I said, and he rushed off to tell the good news to Ned.

That was five years, and last night I saw my boys graduate.

Ned was graceful and easy. His oration was carefully prepared and well delivered. The boy is smart and will do me credit.

But I watched more eagerly for Ben's plain honest face, and my heart beat triumphantly when the bouquets rained at his feet.

His oration had been carefully kept a secret, and it was a surprise to me.

He called it 'The Power of Kindness,' and it was simply his own history thrillingly told—the story of Ragamuffin Ben as he was, and as he hopes to be.

There was hardly a dry eye in the room when he left the platform, although few knew that the words were true, not drawn from imagination.

'You made too much of what I did,' I said chidingly, when he sought my side; 'I have been more than repaid, my dear boy.'

'Whatever I am, whatever I may be, I owe to you,' he answered earnestly. 'And please God, you shall never be ashamed of me.'

To-morrow he enters the law office of Judge Winthrop to learn to become one of the world's workers, and some day we may hear of him. Is he a gentleman?—'National Advocate.'

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LITTLE FOLKS

Getting Ready for Thanksgiving.

(By Inez L. Strong, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Down in the kitchen great preparations were going on for Thanksgiving. Grandma was sitting by the fire, stoning raisins; Aunt Sue was paring apples, and mother was busy with many different things. She walked from the pantry to the stove so constantly that there seemed to be no room for the children.

'Can't you amuse yourselves in the nursery?' asked Aunt Sue. 'The kitchen seems to be smaller than ever this morning.'

'Nothing new to play,' said Barbara.

'No fun,' said Nan.

'Poky,' from Ethel.

'Dreffful poky,' lisped Baby Sue.

Mothers always seem to have new ideas. 'Why not get ready for Thanksgiving in the nursery?' she asked. I know there must be pies to make and doll dresses to freshen up, and I am sure after the long summer you were away the dust in the doll-house is thick as can be.'

The children looked at each other a moment, and then three pairs of feet were clattering over the stairs before she had finished. The sound of busy preparation was soon heard above, and the kitchen work went on more peacefully.

'I'll do the washing,' said Cousin Beth, and she began to undress the dolls and prepare a wardrobe that they would be likely to need during the visit of grandma and grandpa to the city.

Aunt Sue came up the stairs bringing a small tabouret, on which were some little tins and one dish containing real flour, a little dough and some water. 'I think you will need this for your pies,' she said; and when she had set it down she reached in her pocket and took out several packages of raisins, rice and peppermints. Presently she returned with the chocolate pot, which she set down by the fire.

'Aunt Sue knows!' they cried. And then all the morning the trio worked busily, and when lunch-time came and the baking was finished down-stairs, the nursery was shining and clean, and the dolls were all sitting in an expectant row on the couch, looking for all the world like Thanksgiving company.

Then they set the table with Barbara's set of dishes, and refreshed themselves with cookies and 'cambric' tea.

Aunt Sue came and carried away the cooking dishes, and surveyed the room.

'I am sure grandpa and grandma will appreciate all this when they come,' she said.

'The best of it is, we thought we were playing—and it was really helping,' said Nan.

The 'Skeeter and Peter.

There was a bright fellow named
Peter,
Who struck at an active young
'skeeter,
But the 'skeeter struck first
And slackened his thirst,
For the 'skeeter was fleeter than
Peter.

—'St. Nicholas.'

Thanksgiving at Grandmother's.

(Helen M. Richardson, in 'North-Western Christian Advocate.')

There's a smell of cooking all over the house;
Hurrah for the pudding and pies,
Arranged on the shelves where not even a mouse
Need meddle with grandma's supplies!
Keen glances steal in at the half-open door,
Sly feet cross the threshold to see
Grapes, apples, and nuts—such a tempting display—
I think that with me you'll agree,
Very much of the pleasure Thanksgiving brings
Is to smell, and to taste, and to see;
Nor can you deny that on Thanksgiving Day
Grandmother holds court in a right royal way.

Katie's Saturday.

'Dear me!' sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

'What can be the matter?' said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

'Oh, there's thousandsandmillions of things the matter!' said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

'Now, Katie,' said mamma, this time seriously, 'as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library.'

'Before breakfast?' said Katie.

'No, you can have your breakfast first,' mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and as, perhaps, you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a big piece of paper and a pencil.

'Now, Katie,' she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, 'I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do.'

'Oh, mamma, you're laughing at me now,' said Katie; 'but I can think of at least ten right this minute.'

'Very well,' said mamma; 'put down ten.'

So Katie wrote:

'1. It's gone and rained, so we can't play croquet.

'2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

'3. ——'

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. 'That's all I can think of just this minute,' she said.

'Well,' said her mother, 'I'll just keep this paper a day or two.'

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and Oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said, 'Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all first, but she's a lovely seat-mate. I'm so glad, aren't you?'

'Oh!' was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

'I guess I'll tear up that paper now, mamma dear,' she said, laughing rather shyly.

'And next time,' said mamma, why not let the troubles come, before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you'll only wait. —'S. School Messenger.'

Sunday Morning.

Awake! awake! your bed forsake,
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright,
With joy we hail his cheerful light:
In songs of love
Praise God above—
It is His holy day.
—'Our Little Dots.'

Try Kindness.

Margaret has two kittens—a big black one with yellow eyes, named Blackie, and a pretty little gray one with blue eyes, named Kitty Gray.

Margaret tries to teach her kittens to be polite, and when she opens the door for them to leave the room, she wants them to mew a 'thank you.' Blackie will always do so, but Kitty Gray is so young that she has not yet learned how; so one day, Margaret trod on her tail to make her say it. Of course Kitty Gray mewed then, very loudly and angrily; but the mew did not mean 'thank you.' It said very plainly, 'Stop that! You hurt me. I don't love you now.'

'O Margaret!' exclaimed mother, 'that is not the way to teach Kitty Gray to say "thank you." It only makes her angry. See how she is lashing her tail about.'

'Well, Mother, I have to make her be polite.'

'Yes, but if you love her, she will do it a great deal better, I think. Try patting and stroking her.'

So Margaret stooped over kitty, and talked gently to her, patting her head all the while. Soon she stopped switching her tail and began to purr very loudly, putting up her back and rubbing against Margaret as she did so.

'There,' said her mother, 'don't you hear her saying "thank you?" I think that is a much prettier sound than the angry mew she gave when you trod on her tail.'

'So do I,' said Margaret; and she opened the door and Kitty Gray went out.—'The Sunbeam.'

Morning Hymn.

Father, help thy little child,
Make me truthful, good and mild,
Kind, obedient, modest, meek,
Mindful of the words I speak;
What is right may I pursue;
What is wrong, refuse to do;
What is evil, seek to shun—
This I ask through Christ thy Son.
—Selected.

Who is She?

I know the dearest little girl
About as big as you.
Her eyes are black or brown or gray
Or maybe they are blue;
But, anyway, her hands are clean;
Her teeth are white as snow;
Her little dress is always neat;
She goes to school, you know.
This little girl—I love her well,
And see her often, too—
If I to-day her name should tell—
She—might—be—you.
—'Little Folks.'

Correspondence

F., Que.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you about a dog that I read about the other day. Tweed, for that was his name, lived on a farm near Lanlithgow, in Scotland. One day, in his eager pursuit after a strayed sheep he leaped over a wall and came down on a sharp bit of a broken bottle, which cut one of his paws. His master, seeing the blood running, tied up the paw carefully, and took the dog home. 'He will not be able to go with me to Edinburgh market, to-morrow,' he said to his wife. 'You will have to lock him up, then,' she answered. There is no doubt Tweed was listening, and taking in the conversation, and his master had great difficulty in getting him locked up, but he succeeded at last, and put him safely, as he thought, under lock and key in a coal-house. Next morning the farmer rose early, got his sheep and lambs together, and travelled with them by road into Edinburgh. He was just entering the Grass market when, to his utter surprise, he saw Tweed limping along with his tied-up paw, and a shame-faced sort of expression on his face. 'O, Tweed, you rascal,' said his master, who could not help feeling proud of his dog at the same time that he scolded it, 'How in all the world did you manage to get here?' Tweed just wagged his tail and cowered about his master's feet, afraid that he would be sent home, and great was his joy when his master patted him, and kindly allowed him to remain. It was the weekly market, and Tweed knew the day, and was determined not to be kept away, so he had managed to squeeze himself out below the door of the coal-house, and had travelled all the road by himself in spite of his sore paw. I think he was a very plucky dog, don't you? We have had some awful hot weather here this summer, with but very little rain, in consequence the grain is ripening up very quick. If this weather continues, it will be excellent for harvesting.

A WELLWISHER.

P., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have not written a letter for some time, as I never had any time, not being home much. The Sunday school takes the 'Messenger,' and it goes around to quite a few before it comes to its end. Our town has grown very little since I wrote last, but when I wrote then, we had only 15 pupils in our school, while now we have 30.

Our school is a 13 by 23 room, and we are just crowded three in a seat. There is a petition on now to have a new school before the fall term opens. We had an entertainment here, and had a pretty good crowd. Nearly the whole town turned out. The railways are building towards P., and I think it will some day become a great trade centre. Mr. Editor, if you ever come to Similkameen Valley, be sure you call, and see this pretty place.

RALPH MURDOCK.

(Thank you for the picture P.C., Ralph.)

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not taken the 'Northern Messenger' in long as I have only just come from England, but I think that it is the best Sunday School paper I have seen. When we came here the school had a holiday, but my brother and I went when it was over. I am in the senior fourth book. I have not got many pets; they are, two chickens, two cats and a rabbit. The cats are called Snowball and Nigger. We also have a dog named Pat, and we intend to hitch him to a sleigh this winter. I am a great book-worm, and have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Helen's Babies,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Boris, the Bear Hunter,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and many others. My birthday is on January 8th. I should like to read the story of 'Rasmas, or the Making of a Man,' because I have heard that it is a good one. I have seen a great many riddles, and should like to send and answer some. The answer to Winnifred H. Cross is 'four ducks,' and 'the skie is not eaten,' is the answer to Lizzie Crutchfield's. I will now send some myself, and I hope that someone will answer them.

1. How could a farmer and his daughter and a soldier and his wife have three eggs between them, and yet have one each?
2. When is a policeman like a balloon?
3. When is a ship not a ship?
4. Why is a bootmaker like a good man.

HARRY MARTIN (aged 12).

Smyrna, Turkey.

Dear Editor,—I am very much interested in your paper, so I thought I would become one of your correspondents. We live in Smyrna, but are spending the summer at Phocia, a city about thirty miles from Smyrna. I have many things to write about, as we live in a very interesting country, but I am afraid of making my first letter too long.

My father is a missionary, and I am 13 years old. I hope to come to America in two years to go to school. My two older sisters are now in America studying.

We give our papers that we have finished reading to our Greek and Armenian friends, who have learned English in the Mission schools, and so your papers are becoming somewhat known in Smyrna.

I am sorry that I cannot get any new subscribers, as I have very few English friends here.

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark visited us last spring, and Mrs. Clark organized a Junior C. E. Society among our young people.

EVANGELINE McN.

C. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Will you please spare a little nook for my letter? I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially the story of 'Saint Cecilia of the Court.' I have read a number of books, some of which are: 'A Peep behind the Scene,' 'Bessie's Conquest,' and 'Little Sunbeams.' Also a great many others. Here is a riddle: Where was Moses when the light went out?

EMMA REESOR.

M.J., Sask.

Dear Editor,—On looking over the correspondence page, and seeing so many nice letters, I thought I would write also. I go to school, and am in the Third Book. I like history best of all my studies.

We have just moved here from the East, and I don't care much for the West, as yet, but guess I will like it better after a while. How many of the correspondents like reading? I am usually called a 'book worm' at school.

I will close with two conundrums:

What ship carries the most passengers?

Why is a crocodile the most deceitful of animals?

MABEL MOSS.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Dusky Diamond.' Ethel Bringloe (aged 12), C., Que.
2. 'Jack-o-Lanterns.' M. S. F., (aged 14), O., Ont.
3. 'Having his Bath.' Jessie Bringloe (aged 11), C., Que.
4. 'Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow.' Rachael Ross, T., N. S.
5. 'Pansy,' Edgar Trueman, S.J., N.B.
6. 'An Owl Maid.' Maida Demers (aged 13), C., Que.
7. 'Daisies.' Myrtle Demers (aged 10), C., Que.
8. 'Geranium.' Muriel Nichols, W., Ont.
9. 'Pumpkin Lantern.' Louise Burrows, Y., N.S.

OTHER LETTERS.

H. E. C., Fort Edward, N.Y., writes a very appreciative letter, and we hope that the missing number of the 'Messenger' has been received by now. Such goodwill is always appreciated.

If the friend who writes from Alma, N.B., will send name and address we will gladly send a copy of the paper containing the article asked for.

Mina R. Palmer, D., N.B., answers two riddles correctly, and sends in this:—As I was going over a bridge, I saw a little steamer. It had a thousand people on board, but not a single person.

Frances M. Collins, G.F., B.C., also answers Mary Dexter's riddle, giving the answer as the letter O. She also sends one for the other correspondents to guess:—A man went away on Sunday, stayed two days, and still came back on Sunday. Glad you like St. Cecilia, Frances.

Nina Stewart, B., Ont., mentions some of the good games they play at her school. Somehow we manage to get a good deal of fun out of school, don't we, Nina? Yet you don't seem to forget what you go there for if your neat and well-written letter is a fair sample of your work.

Agnes F., Noel Shore, N.S., writes a very nice letter. Too bad that your riddles have all been asked. Your composition is so good that it seems likely you could write a very nice description of your home. Try it, for the readers of this page.

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LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 28, 1906.

Jesus Anointed in Bethany.

Matt. xxvi., 6-16.

Golden Text.

She hath wrought a good work upon me.—Matt. xxvi., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 22.—Matt. xxvi., 6-16.
Tuesday, October 23.—Luke x., 38-42.
Wednesday, October 24.—John xi., 1-15.
Thursday, October 25.—John xi., 31-46.
Friday, October 26.—Luke vii., 36-50.
Saturday, October 27.—Mark xiv., 1-11.
Sunday, October 28.—John xii., 1-11.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Jesus had worked His greatest miracle under the very eaves of the ecclesiastical establishment. It was accepted as a challenge, and steps were immediately taken to compass His death. His hour not yet having come, the Master retired to Ephraim, twenty miles away, near to the wilderness or sparsely populated country. There, in company with His disciples, He passed the time in physical and spiritual recuperation. A price was practically set upon His head, for the chief priests and Pharisees had given notice that if any one knew where He was he should give information in order that the arrest might be made. With mingled motives of curiosity, admiration, and opposition the people who had come to Jerusalem in large numbers to attend the Passover, made quest for Jesus. For the time He eclipsed both temple and ceremony. As the days passed they began to say to each other in their disappointment, 'Is it possible He is not coming to the feast at all?' But when the time was fully come, the Master resolutely set His face toward that slaughter-house of the prophets—Jerusalem. He was fully cognizant of all the peril of going to the city at this juncture.

It was in this instance that one significant incident like a shaft of light fell across the inky blackness in which His life closed. It was that high and loving courtesy shown Him in the home in Bethany. They banqueted Jesus. They made a supper in His honor, and in grateful recognition of His merciful deeds.

In the noblest villa of the suburb of Jerusalem, the table with its damask coverings, was set in hollow square, as the custom was. It was surrounded by richly upholstered couches. Shaded lamps cast their full radiance upon the goodly scene. Eye, nostril, ear and palate were delighted. Color, fragrance, music, and viands matched these several organs of sense. According to Oriental custom, the house was open and the interested villagers hung like an animated fringe around the table, sharing with the invited guests a bit of the cheer and gladness. On either side of Jesus reclined the trophies of His power—Simon whom He had healed of leprosy, and Lazarus whom He had revived from death. Noble and beautiful women graced and adorned the scene and hour.

One significant and timely deed lifted this feast to the level of a sacrament. Out of her boudoir Mary brought the most precious thing it contained—an Oriental cruse of alabaster, filled with genuine liquid perfume, very precious, the seal of which had never been broken. Her unspeakable gratitude would fain express itself in a deed of reverence and love. Unattinedly she poured the costly liquid upon Jesus' head and feet, using her luxuriant tresses for a towel. In a moment every recess of the house was filled with the subtle and delicious fragrance.

But as may be expected in every human gathering, which of necessity must contain some whose ethical evolution is retarded or stunted, an apple of discord was thrown into this feast of love. It came from the very hand that was filching from the common purse of the apostles. Judas stole the livery of charity in which to serve his own cupidity. He affected benevolence that he might cover his own grasping spirit. Some of the apostles were evidently infected with his carping spirit, and at least joined mildly in the specious protest.

Right royally did Jesus come to defence of Mary and her deed. He interpreted her action and put the seal of His Divine approval upon it. If she gave Him momentary and passing embalming, He embalmed her forever in the ineffable incense of His praise. 'She had wrought a good work. She hath done what she could. Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her.' A practical principle of life is irradiated in connection with this incident. Jesus affirms that deeds which can be done any time must give place to those which can only be done just now. 'The poor are always with you; not so I.'

The banquet intended for His honor really set the seal of Jesus' doom and hastened it. The banquet couch proved a pedestal to lift Him not only in sight of the admiring people, but also of His implacable enemies. The end of it was that not only 'much people knew He was there and came,' but immediately also 'the chief priests consulted.'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

A lesson in sacred aesthetics is here. Money spent to adorn and beautify is never to be begrudged. A cathedral, for example, is a monument to the divine. It teaches and inspires. So wealth expended in awakening the sentiment of worship is never lost. It is always justifiable. Proportionate expenditures upon the artistic and tasteful are to be commended. They are definite contributions to ethical and spiritual evolution.

* * * *

Much has been said of the 'loneliness' of Jesus. But it must also be remembered that He was also much in society. The references are numerous enough to affirm a habit. He adorned and honored many a supper and wedding. His social side was not atrophied.

* * * *

Martha did not sulk. Jesus had on a previous visit criticised her for being troubled with much serving. She did not on that account fly meekly to the other extreme and refuse to serve at all. It is very significant then (although it might be overlooked), when the record says, 'Martha served.' Taking criticism is a fine art as well as giving it.

* * * *

Judas' proposition can not be disputed. It was a great sum—$100 in perfumery! The wages of a laborer for a whole year! But no higher use of that money could have been made of it. It was a sacramental act. It was an expression of gratitude and reverence. While it did not preclude deeds of charity the latter could not be any substitute for it.

* * * *

The home at Bethany was ideal. The meshes of the domestic net were soft as silk, but firm as steel. No wonder Jesus loved to be there.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

1. Jesus in His retreat.
   Awaits His hour at Ephraim.
   Recuperation, Physical and Spiritual.
2. Popular Quest of Jesus.
   Eclipses Temple and Ceremony.
   For the time. Query, 'Will He come?'
3. His hour come. Jesus goes.
   Cognizant of Peril.
4. Jesus banqueted.
   High and loving courtesy.
   Recognition of merciful deeds.
5. Mary's anointing.
   Raises feast to sacrament.
6. Apple of Discord.
   Thrown by hand that filched the common purse.
   Judas in livery of charity serves his own cupidity.
7. Jesus' defence of Mary.
   Interprets His action.
   Seals it with approval.
8. Banquet couch a pedestal.
   Raises Him to view of His enemies.
   Seals His doom.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 28.—Topic—Livingstone, and missions to Africans, in the Dark Continent and in America. Ps. lviii., 28-35.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOME MISSIONS.

Monday, October 22.—Feed the flock of God. I. Pet. v., 2.

Tuesday, October 23.—A brother in need. I. John iii., 17.

Wednesday, October 24.—With charity. I. Cor. xvi., 14.

Thursday, October 25.—As we have opportunity. Gal. vi., 10.

Friday, October 26.—Cheerful givers. II. Cor. ix., 6, 7.

Saturday, October 27.—Systematic giving. I. Cor. xvi., 1, 2.

Sunday, October 28.—Topic—How we should do our home missionary work. II. Chron. xxxi., 21.

Thankoffering Catechism.

Question. What is a thankoffering?

Answer. Something given to the Lord, because of special mercies or blessings.

Q. Do we find anything in the Bible about this custom?

A. The children of Israel made 'sacrifices of thanksgiving.'

Q. How did they offer them?

A. They brought them to the temple voluntarily, with their own hands.

Q. What was the usual offering?

A. One lamb out of the flock.

Q. What rule for giving applies to us?

A. 'Thou shalt give to the Lord thy God, according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee.'

Q. Is there any rule for those who have not much to give?

A. 'For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.'

Q. What helps us to remember our obligations to offer unto God thanksgivings?

A. Days as a special place to put offerings.

Q. What is a help in this?

A. A thankoffering box.

Q. What is the mission of thankoffering boxes?

A. To gather in the thankoffering day by day that none may put off the giving.

Q. Where should these boxes be found?

A. At least one in every home.

Q. Where do we first read of such boxes or chests?

A. In II. Chron. xxiv., 8. At the king's command a chest was made, and it was set without, at the gate of the house of the Lord.

Q. What was the money wanted for?

A. To repair the house of the Lord.

Q. How did the people respond?

A. Willingly and regularly day by day.

Q. With what result?

A. They gathered money in abundance.

Q. If all Christians would give regularly, and in abundance, to build up the cause of Christ in this and other lands, what would be the result?

A. It would hasten the time when 'every knee shall bow' unto the Lord, and every tongue confess Him.'—'Woman's Missionary Magazine.'

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

Two or Three.

There were only two or three of us
When we came to the house of prayer.
Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
But for that we did not care.
Since, after our hymns of praise had r'sen,
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master himself was present there,
And gave us the living bread.

We knew His look in our leader's face,
So wrapt and glad and free:
We felt His touch when our hearts were bowed;:
We heard His 'Come to Me.'
Nobody saw Him lift the latch.
And none unbarred the door;
But 'Peace' was His token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
And our hearts had grown so warm
It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers,
And not like the crash of a storm.
'Twas the time of the dearest privilege.
Of the Lord's right hand,' we said,
As we thought how Jesus himself had come
To feed us with living bread.

—'Christian Herald.'

Daniel's Decision.

(Nellie G. Blackburn, in the 'Presbyterian.')

Along the streets of a Western city a young lad was slowly walking. He was a handsome boy, but around his mouth and in his eyes were the marks of dissipation.

His thoughts ran thus: 'I wish he had not sent me. I have half a mind not to go. He'll lecture me, sure. Oh, dear! here's the place, and I'll have to do it, I suppose.' So mounting the steps of the pastor's residence, he rang the bell.

'Glad to see you, my boy,' said his pastor, as he ushered the lad into his study.

Then followed a talk that set the boy at his ease. He did not have time to wonder what this might be leading to; he was enjoying himself too thoroughly.

Finally, seeing the boy's eyes rest wonderingly on a picture over his study table, Mr. Grey asked: 'Would you like to see it closer, my boy? It is a picture of Sammy Kline when he started for his first day at school. Shall I tell you the story about him?'

'I should like to hear it very much.'

'He has been in heaven many years. In this same school with Sammy was another lad, Don, who took a bitter dislike to Sammy. Don was the leader of the rougher set, and they contrivod to annoy Sammy in many ways. One day Don had been drinking. He drank a good deal.'

Daniel Fayne's face flushed red at this. Did Mr. Grey mean to preach to him, after all?

'Yes, the poor lad had been drinking, and Satan took possession of him that day. They were in a secluded path in the woods when Don, who had tried to provoke Sammy into a war of words, finally attacked him, threw him down and drew his knife and tried to strike. He might have killed him had not the knife been suddenly struck out of his hand by Ike Dane, a black boy, who thought a great deal of Sammy, and was coming to meet him. When Don sobered up he was terrified at what he might have done. He was not wholly bad. It was the drink which had caused the madness.'

At this point Mr. Grey was called away. Left to himself, the boy picked up a paper and began to read, hoping in this way to drown the voice of conscience which the story had awakened. This is what he read:

David was acting as cabin boy to his father, brave George Farragut, and who on this occasion, as sailing master of the fleet, was on his way to New Orleans with the infant navy of the United States. The boy thought he had the qualities that make a man. "I could swear like an old salt," he says; "could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and was fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day," he continued, as the story is related by William M. Thayer, "my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door and said to me, "David, what do you mean to be? "I mean to follow the sea," I said. "Follow the sea," exclaimed father; "yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in a fever hospital in some foreign clime!" "No, father," I replied, "I will tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do." "No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man." My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. "A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and I'll change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, never gamble, and, as God is my witness," said the Admiral, "I have kept those three vows to this hour."'

Daniel pushed the periodical from him and sat erect.

'Catching it on all sides to-night,' he said, with a bitter laugh. 'That David had a lot of grit. Just turned and faced the other way; didn't quit by degrees. Wish I could, but I'm more like that Don Mr. Grey told me about; guess he never amounted to a row of pins. I'll not either,' sighing. 'Not that I'd ever stoop to what he did.'

When Mr. Grey returned Daniel was standing looking at the picture.

'He must have been a lovely child, Mr. Grey.'

'Yes, and lovable as well, Dan.'

'You knew him?'

'I knew him well.'

'But Don? What about him, Mr. Grey? I suppose he never amounted to anything. He must have been a bad boy.'

'He was a very bad boy then, Dan.'

'Then; and he did do better after all? I'm glad,' said the lad, his face lighting up with the thought, 'Maybe there's some chance for me, after all.'

'I—I should like to hear Don's story, Mr. Grey. Did he ever overcome the drink and the bad that was in him? Did he fight till the good got control?'

'He did, but not alone, Dan.'

'Who helped him?'

'Jesus, the Wonderful.'

'Was—was it very hard?'

'It was, Dan.'

'You seemed to know him very well,' said Daniel, wonderingly.

'Yes, I knew him better than any one. And you really want to hear his story, Dan?'

'Yes, yes, if you please, Mr. Grey.'

All self-consciousness was gone from the lad. To hear Don's story, to learn how he had overcome, was his only thought. It was the Spirit leading him, his pastor felt.

A minute he paused and then began the story.

"That night when Don went home he had a long talk with his father. The next day Sammy's father came over and they had a long talk, too. Don was thoroughly ashamed, and Sammy forgave him. For two weeks Don and his father stayed at Mr. Kline's until their farm was sold. Then they went West, where Don found some good friends, who helped him until he was able to help himself.

'But what helped Don more than anything else was a Book which Sammy read to him, and which he often read himself. In this Book Don found the right way pointed out to him. It was a wonderful Book of a wonderful Saviour.'

'You mean the Bible?' asked Daniel reverently.

'Yes, I mean the Bible, Dan. the Book of books.'

'And what did Don find there, Mr. Grey, that helped him?'

'He found that God in his pity for fallen man has provided a way of escape from sin and death. He found that his heart was wicked and that only through the blood of God's Son could it be cleansed. He found that Jesus, God's only begotten Son, is willing and able to save those who come to him in faith.'

'And when he found this, what—what did he do, Mr. Grey?'

'He—he got down on his knees and prayed. He said, 'Heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake, take me and make me what you will.'

'And'—said Daniel eagerly.

'He took him, Dan.'

'Was it hard for him to be good after that, Mr. Grey?'

'Very hard, sometimes.'

'Did he ever fall again?'

'Many times.'

'What did he do then, Mr. Grey?'

'He got up and tried again. And he has made a good man and is preaching the Gospel.'

'I should like to know him.'

'You know him well. You have known him for years.

'You! You! Are you Don?'

'I am Donald Grey.'

For some time they sat in silence. Daniel felt instinctively what a trial such a revelation must have been to Mr. Grey.

'He must have thought lots of me, or he wouldn't have done it,' he thought.

'And—and there is one,' he says, 'who thinks still more of me, and that is Jesus.'

'Mr. Grey,' said the lad finally, 'I am going to face about. With God's help I'm going to make a man of myself. I thank you very much for telling me your story and for pointing me to Jesus the Wonderful.'

'Let us pray,' said Mr. Grey.

What Happens When You Smoke.

Men are so habituated to the outcry against smoking that there are few who do not ignore it.

Smokers who have some regard for their friends say that they smoke tobacco from which nicotine has been eliminated. Tobacco so prepared can be found near at hand, but few smoke it, because the process which eliminates nicotine, if it does not destroy, materially modifies the savor of the smoke. The outcry is always the same—nicotine! But many other of the principles of tobacco are as pernicious as nicotine, and when it comes to that it would be pernicious to smoke rye straw or any other mixture, because (for one of several reasons) there is a continuous production of oxide of carbon wherever there is imperfect combustion. The smoker carries in his mouth a little furnace whose fires are fed with oxide of carbon; the fire smoulders under ashes, and the smoker fans it by means of the steam of his pipe or the vent of his cigar or cigarette. Year after year, and all the year, the furnace is in place, burning oxide of carbon, and the smoker is working the bellows with a part of the force of his respiratory organs. The composition of tobacco smoke is complex. Analysis gives: Nicotine, pyridic bases, formic aldehyde, ammonia, methylamin, pyrol, sulphuretted hydrogen, prussic acid, butyric acid, carbonet acid, oxide of carbon, the steam of water, an etherized empyreumatic oil, and tarry or resinous products, among which we detect small quantities of phenol. Of all the products of tobacco, the most venomous are nicotine, pyridic, and methylamin bases, prussic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, oxide of carbon, and empyreumatic oil; and all that we draw into our lungs with more or less satisfaction.—'Harper's Weekly.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

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HOUSEHOLD.

We Thank Thee.

For the gold of the ripening grain,
For the fruits of hill and plain,
For the sunshine and the rain;
Father, we thank Thee.

For the days of smiles and tears,
For the times of joys and fears,
For the blessings of the years;
Father, we thank Thee.

For Thy love, which all our days
Has protected all our ways,
For all things, we give Thee praise,
And we thank Thee.

—C. E. World.'

Thanksgiving Pictures.

(Mrs. W. S. Farley, in the New York 'Observer.')

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Mrs. Hughes had been very busy in the kitchen all the forenoon helping Peggy, her maid-of-all-work, in preparation for the coming day. She was a brave soul, and, consequently, she had resolved for the sake of her husband to celebrate the day in the way she had been accustomed to, viz., with thanksgiving and a feast. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when she went into a little room opening from her own, and closed the door softly behind her. Only God knew how her dear face looked after she had closed and locked the door. Only He knew how heavy the burden that lay on her heart.

Oh, that little room, that little room with its memories. On the hearth lay kindling and a log. Mrs. Hughes struck a match, and presently there was a blazing fire. The flames danced and leaped as if they might be getting ready to welcome little feet; but the 'little feet' were still. How gently and carefully Mrs. Hughes dusted the little room that was always in order. Red had been the favorite color of little Allan Hughes, the only child of the house, and this little room had been his. There were red rosebuds on the wall paper and on the rug. The pretty little bed and bureau were of cherry. There was a small rocker and an armchair, both cushioned in red. On the shelves of a corner bracket were a set of soldiers and a toy fort. On a small table covered with a pretty spread sprinkled with rosebuds were some large picture books with gay covers.

Tears rolled down Mrs. Hughes' cheeks as she went about the room. Last Thanksgiving Allan had been here, and they had all been inexpressibly happy together. Then—not long after that happy day—he had been called away—'called up higher.'

* * * *

It was on an old mattress on the floor of a tenement that a small pale-faced boy lay asleep. His cheeks were pale and tear-stained, but as the cold gray dawn of the late autumn morning touched him a smile hovered over his lips. He awoke suddenly and sat up, rubbing his heavy eyes and looking about wistfully.

'I smell roast turkey!' he exclaimed. 'Where is it?'

Two boys, older and stronger than he was, who occupied a mattress on the opposite side of the room, aroused at the exclamation. One of them laughed, the other remarked kindly:

'You've been dreaming, Bennie; there's no roast turkey around here. I wish there was.'

'So do I,' said Bennie; 'I had some once—a long time ago.

'It will be a long time before you have any again,' observed the boy who had laughed.

Bennie turned over on his mattress facing the wall. His lips quivered involuntarily.

'Yes,' was his burdened thought; 'I suppose it will be a long time before I have any turkey again. Mebbe I never will.'

Farmer Hughes, after delivering a load of turkeys, chickens and ducks, took a 'short cut' through an alley to reach the highway. He was driving fast, as he was anxious to reach home before dark, and his home was eight miles away. Suddenly, however, he reined up his horse by the curbstone. The face of a child had appealed to him. Such a little fellow! No larger than his own little boy, who had died since last Thanksgiving. Ah, how sore the good man's heart was that day. All day long the 'little boy who had died' had been in his mind. All day long he had thought of the last Thanksgiving, and had heard (in his mind) Allan's voice in talk or song. Oh, if it were possible to hear that loved voice crying out: 'Papa, I'll take the drumstick.'

The little fellow that Farmer Hughes saw on the curbstone looked as if he were nearly frozen. His clothing was thin and ragged. He was bareheaded and had no overcoat.

'Who are you?' demanded the farmer; 'and what are you doing out here without a cap and coat this cold day? You'd better go home.'

The boy felt the kindness in the voice, and there was a pitiful wistfulness in his own as he answered:

'I haven't any cap or coat, an' I haven't any home. I wish I had.'

It was too cold to talk long in that biting wind, but it only took the good farmer a few minutes to find out that the boy was fatherless and motherless, and had been 'put out' of his room.

* * * *

After Mrs. Hughes had dusted Allan's little room, she fell upon her knees beside the bed and prayed for strength and courage. Then she arose and went out, softly closing the door.

'Hiram will be coming home soon,' was her thought; 'he must not see any tears;' and he did not.

But Hiram's (Mr. Hughes) coming brought a great surprise.

'I knew our home and our hearts were big enough to take in a little homeless lad,' he said, presenting Bennie, and as the latter's shy blue-gray eyes sought the motherly face, her heart went out to him in a great tenderness. In another moment her arms were around him, and she was smiling into his wondering face.

'Oh,' he cried, joyfully; 'oh! you're glad he brought me, ain't you? I was afraid you'd be mad, but you ain't, are you?'

Mrs. Hughes laughed softly.

'Yes; I'm glad,' she said, reassuringly. It wouldn't be nice for me to be mad at my guest, would it?'

'I wouldn't blame you if you was. I ain't fit to be here in such a nice place.'

'Bennie!' called Mr. Hughes.

'Yes, sir.'

'Come with me,' and as the boy responded he led him into a warm bathroom and bade him undress.

'Take a good scrub—I'll help you— and then we will have one of mother's good suppers.'

No one except a poor, hungry, motherless boy could fully understand Bennie's feelings at that moment. As he rubbed and sponged himself in the hot water, according to the farmer's directions, the words kept ringing in his heart:

'One of mother's good suppers! One of mother's good suppers!'

Oh, how good it sounded to the hitherto friendless child.

'You just scrub away,' said Mr. Hughes, as he gathered up Bennie's cast-off clothes; 'I'll be right back.'

He found Mrs. Hughes in the kitchen, helping Peggy.

'Mother,' he said, showing her the ragged suit of clothes, the old worn undershirt and the broken shoes, 'the boy can't wear these any more, can he?'

The dear woman looked at the clothes and then at her husband.

'What shall we do, dear?' he questioned, gently; 'the boy is naked, and he is waiting.'

'Naked, and ye clothed Me.' The words came to her. The battle was quick, and she won the victory. She was one of the brave soldiers who can do much 'for Christ's sake.'

'Go back to the boy, Hiram,' she said, her voice a little husky; 'I will bring you clothes for our guest.'

There was a mist over her eyes and a terrible ache in her heart as she took from the bureau in the little red room some of dear Allan's treasured clothes. But she did not stop to cry over the sacrifice; there was no time, for Hiram had said the boy was 'naked and was waiting.' She hurried to the bathroom door, and, handing the clothes to her husband, who was waiting outside the door, she said, with a brave smile.

'Allan will never want them.'

A strong arm encircled her.

'No,' was the response; 'and if Allan knows he will be glad.'

* * * *

It was Thanksgiving. There was a fine dinner served at Farmer Hughes'. To say that Allan, the only child of the house, was not missed would not be true. Only God and the loving father and mother knew how deeply he was missed. But the day was far happier to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes than it would have been without Bennie. The latter's joy was contagious. While eating roast turkey the child related his dream gleefully.

'It came true, didn't it?' he said; 'oh, how glad I am!'

In fact, the boy's happiness seemed to make them all glad. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes laughed and chatted, and Peggy, as she waited on the table, grinned from ear to ear.

'I wish he could stay here all the time,' she said.

'He's going to stay with us all the time, isn't he, mother?' was Mr. Hughes' response.

'Yes,' was her answer, with a tender smile at Bennie; 'he's going to stay all the time if he wants to.'

'If I want to—if I want to!' said Bennie. 'Oh, I want to stay forever!'

Months have passed since that glad Thanksgiving; but Bennie is still with the good farmer and his wife; in fact, they have adopted him, and the dear little red room, with its books and toys, is his. He has been told the story of the 'dear little boy who died,' and he often looks wistfully at the latter's photograph.

'You're sure he doesn't care 'cause I've got his pretty room an' soldiers and books—aren't you?' he questioned Mrs. Hughes one day.

'Quite sure,' was her smiling answer.

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Selected Recipes.

HOME-MADE CANDIES.— Home-made candies seem always the sweetest, and we are at least sure of their wholesomeness.

The amateur candy maker, who wishes for success, will find it wise to purchase a box of the best kinds of candy and use them for models, for tint and shape, as home-made candies are so often made too large. The amateur cannot hope, however, to give to her candy the finished style of the professional who employs numerous expensive machines and utensils in the making of his candy. Another reason why home-made is less desirable than confectioner's candy is than cane sugar is so excessively swet. Professionals generally use part glucose, but if this is not easily obtained, vinegar or cream of tartar in small quantities will remove part of the sweetness, and make the candy more palatable.

CREAM CANDY.— One pound of sugar, one-half cup of water, and one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar. Put all into a granite saucepan and stir until dissolved, then boil without stirring until it is brittle when dropped into cold water, then add one teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of flavoring, and pour on a buttered plate to cool. As soon as cool enough to handle pull until light colored. Form into fancy shapes, or cut in bars.

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KISSES.—Beat the whites of three eggs until they are stiff; then sift over the eggs three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar. Mix the sugar in lightly with a knife. Cover a board with paper, drop the mixture on it by spoonfuls, and place in a moderate oven, leaving the door open for 30 or 40 minutes, then close the door for a few minutes to let them color. Stick two together with a little jelly or jam between them. Or if you want a specially nice supper or desert dish fill with whipped cream sweetened and flavored.

OLD-FASHIONED BUTTER-SCOTCH. — Put three pounds of yellow sugar in half a cup of water in an iron pot, with three-quarters of a pound of butter. Set over the fire to melt; let boil fast until thick. Take from the fire. Try by dropping into water; when brittle it is done; pour into buttered tins or trays. When stiff, mark off into squares. When cold, break apart, and wrap each square in wax paper. This candy will keep a long time, and improve with age.

Religious Notes.

Several Mission Study classes used the new text book, 'The Conquest of India,' by Bishop Thebourn, of the Methodist Church; and the Home Mission class, led by Dr. Chivers, studied 'Immigration' from the new text book, 'Aliens or Americans,' by Dr. Grose, of the Congregational Board. Both of these classes were deeply interested in their study, and groups could be seen in several parts of the grounds during recreation hours studying their lessons for the following day. In addition to the vari-

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ous classes studying from text books, a normal class for leaders was conducted. The missionary enthusiasm of these young people cannot fail to carry contagion into the churches and young people's societies from which they were sent as delegates. There were many good things at this Conference which will bear fruit in the coming months.

Many of the missionaries in India, while regretting the great difficulties raised by sectarianism, have evinced a somewhat natural disposition to stifle the incipient movement towards an undenominational Indian Christian Church, fearing what it may mean. The 'Industrial Mission Herald' quotes a well known South Indian writer in pleading to be trusted with a free hand in this matter: 'The Hindus, who are beginning to appreciate Christ and His teaching, are disgusted with the Sectarian Churches of the West, they all ask for undenominational form of worship. Even amongst Christians ritualism is disliked. Sectarian Christianity will never do for India nor the European Missionaries who are unable to understand the feelings of Indians. The salvation of this land must be worked out by her own children. My friends of the West, do not stand in our way. We understand our people better than yourselves; allow us to work in strengthening the cause of Christ in this land. Do not place any hindrances in our way for God's sake. It is the Missionary's fear that keeps native Christians away from participating with our efforts. Otherwise the National Church of India would have made considerable progress by this time.'

In these days of higher criticism and careless attack on the Bible, it is well to know that there are surface currents and that underneath the stream is bearing ever onwards in increasing strength. The 'Christian Herald,' New York, declares: 'Never were there so many Bibles being printed, never were there so many being sold as now. The great Bible Societies in New York and London say that the demand for the Book at home and abroad was greater last year than in any earlier year, and it was difficult to supply it. Besides these, other publishers are issuing large numbers. People do not buy books unless they need them, and the demand is evidenced that the Bible is being read by this generation more generally than by any that have gone before it. . . . The world has not outgrown its sublime simplicity, and derives from it the principles of the highest civilization.'

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DOHERTY—A handsome parlor organ by The Doherty Co., in solid walnut case with extended top and bevelled mirror. Has 10 stops, 2 sets of reeds in treble and one in the bass, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. Height 6 ft. 3 in. Special Sale Price, **$46**

BELL—5 octave parlor organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in handsome solid walnut case with high top; has 11 stops, 2 knee swells, couplers, etc., 2 complete sets of reeds. Height 6 ft. 6 in. .. .. Special Sale Price, **$47**

GODERICH—6 octave piano case organ by The Goderich Organ Co., in handsome rosewood case, with mirror rail top; has 11 stops, including couplers, vox humana, etc., 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells. Mouseproof pedals. Height 5 ft. 9 in. Original Price, $150. .... Special Sale Price, **$71**

DOHERTY—6 octave piano case organ by W. Doherty & Co., Clinton, in handsome solid walnut case with mirror rail top; has 11 stops including couplers, vox humana, etc., 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. A modern, attractive and fine toned instrument. Original Price, $175. .. .. .. Special Sale Price, **$73**

DOMINION—6 octave piano case organ by The Dominion Organ Co., in solid walnut case, with mirror rail top; has 11 stops, including couplers, vox humana, etc. 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, patent folding mouse-proof pedal cover. Height, 5 ft. 8 ins. A modern organ, in perfect order. Original Price, $175. Special Sale Price, **$76**

DOMINION—6 octave piano case organ by The Dominion Organ Co., in solid black walnut case, with handsome mirror rail top; has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, mouse-proof pedals, etc. A regular style, which has had but a few months' use. Original price, $175 .. ..Special Sale Price, **$78**

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